

## THE DOOR TO NIGHT IS AJAR

Above my head an arc of ancient light  
flows—a river through inky pre-dawn sky.  
Across my view a flash of feathered night

twists and flutters wings in stuttered flight,  
trails the banner of his dark, throaty cry.  
Above my head an arc of ancient light

flares from long-dead stars, impossibly bright,  
as silhouettes of shadowed absence fly  
across my view. A flash of feathered night

sweeps the phosphorescent flames of starlight  
from ghostly grasp of thorny branches high  
above my head. An arc of ancient light

begins to pale—the dying of the night.  
Milky river, with dawn's approach, runs dry.  
Across my view a flash of feathered night

makes one last pass to hold in memory's sight.  
Nightjar departs, bright'ning air breathes out a sigh.  
Above, a fading arc of ancient light  
and my last view, a flash of feathered night.

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